

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 43.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1810.

NO. 1137.

THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

SOME business of importance requiring my presence in the country in the month of July, I left the busy town, and arrived safe at a delightful spot on the banks of the Avon. As I entered the village, the ringing of bells, and the joyous bustle that appeared on every side, convinced me it was for no common occasion. Prompted by curiosity, I went up to a venerable old man, who was sitting at the door of a neat cottage, thatched with straw. "My good friend, (said I, respectfully,) can you tell me the reason of this festivity?" "The cause of it, Sir, (he replied,) may perhaps be regarded with indifference by any but our own villagers, who daily experience the bounty, and regard the virtues, of the good lord Morland. When his father died there was not a dry eye among the poor. He had been the protector of the aged widow, and the fatherless. His son, our present lord, was then on the continent, where he had been some years; consequently his disposition was not known to his dependants, and we trembled for fear of finding a sad reverse: but our fears were soon dissipated on his arrival: he was the same kind landlord, friend and benefactor; and the father might truly be said to live again in the son. He was soon afterward united to the rich heiress of Sir John Walcot: they have a numerous offspring; but two only have lived to arrive at years of maturity; the rest died in their infancy. Charles and Angelica, the two survivors, were brought up with every care their rank and fortune required: and fulfilled their fond parents' hopes. The brother and sister are now gone to church, to be united to their respective lovers: but as there is something interesting in their history, I will relate it to you as well as my memory will permit."

After thanking him for his unsolicited offer, I paid the most profound attention, while he narrated the following particulars.

In a delightful spot, situated between some pleasant hills, lived Farmer Woodly; a worthy man, who had been prosperous in his occupation, and blest in his family with two sons and a beauteous daughter. His wife had been dead some years, and Emma kept his house, which was called the Vale Farm. The eldest son attended his father in their necessary occupations. The other having a strong desire for a naval life, a relation had placed him on board one of his Majesty's sloops of war. Emma was in her eighteenth year, when, as she was sitting with a girl, her favourite companion, at the door, two gentlemen hastily passed the house on horseback. They had not proceeded many paces, when one of the animals reared up, being suddenly startled with the sails of a neighbouring windmill, and flung his master to a considerable distance, and then set off with surprising velocity.

Farmer Woodley and his son went instantly to the gentleman's assistance, whom they found greatly hurt. His friend acquainted

them that he was the son of the Honourable Mr. Dodier, and that they were going on a visit a few miles distance.

"They conveyed him into the house; and being placed on the best bed, a surgeon was sent for to attend him, who gave it as his opinion, that it would be some time before he would be able to leave the farm.

"Though not able to leave the house, yet he was in a short time allowed to sit up in an armchair; placed by the fire-side. He found Emma both amiable and intelligent; of course, a pleasing companion. His time past so pleasantly at the vale, that he was sorry when he could form no longer any pretext for prolonging the visit. During his stay, he had improved every opportunity of ingratiating himself into the affections of Emma, who heard him with complaisance, but without feeling that regard with which he meant to inspire her. This tortured him with anxiety; and he resolved not to leave the vale till he had sought an explanation with the enchanting fair one. The event of this was a mutual exchange of promises. He painted his love in such strong colours, and talked so much of committing some rash act of suicide, that the terrified Emma, unused to those deceitful ways, believed his protestations real; and gave him a written promise, with but a half-consenting mind. He told her the necessity of keeping their intended union a secret, as he was wholly dependant on his father, whose ambitious views for his son's welfare, would lead him to look on the alliance with indignation. He soon took leave of the friendly family at the vale, and repaired to his friends, to pay the promised visit. Poor Emma, when she had time to reflect, and was left to herself without his soothing adulterations, seriously repented her folly. She had parted with her liberty in a thoughtless manner, without the consent of her friends or even the approbation of her own heart. Lionel Dodier took every opportunity of visiting her while he was in that part of the country; and when he returned to his father in the metropolis, he sent her to an appointed place, letters that breathed the most ardent affection. This rather reconciled her to her fate, and she resolved to settle her heart on him on whom she must look as her destined husband. From her infancy, she had been particularly noticed by Lady Morland, who had been her god-mother. She had often resided for some days together at the manor house, and had been the playmate, from infancy, with Angelica, who was nearly of the same age with Emma; and they retained a strong affection for each other. Our fair heroine had opportunities, in those visits, of receiving various improvements, which she assiduously cultivated. This added to her beauty, and engaging manners, rendered her an object of esteem and admiration. Soon after the departure of Mr. Dodier, she received an invitation to repair to Lord Morland's, to stay with Angelica during the absence of her father and mother, who were to be a fortnight away on business. On the appointed day she set off to Lord Morland's on horseback, as it was only a distance of six miles, accompanied by her brother George, who saw her safe to the end

of her journey.

Angelica received her with great joy, and conducted her to Lord and Lady Morland, who affectionately caressed their favorite, and kindly enquired after Farmer Woodley. The young folks slept together and Emma was not a little perplexed by the minute inquiries the young lady made about the late guest at the farm. It was the first time she had occasion to dissimilate. She abhorred concealment yet it was not proper to make Angelica a confidant, and she passed over the subject as slightly as possible.

"At six o'clock they assembled in the breakfast parlour; and Lady Morland, after cautioning them to take care in their rambles, joined with her Lord in bidding them an affectionate adieu, and sat out on their journey.

"As Charles Morland, and Sir James Sandford, his guardian, were expected from Italy, Angelica and Emma were busily employed, in making preparations for their reception, so that their time passed very agreeably; without being marked with any particular occurrence, till the day on which Lord and Lady Morland returned. Angelica and Emma, who had received information what time they might expect them, sat watching their arrival in a bow window that commanded a view of the road. Their patience was almost exhausted, the travellers had so much exceeded the limits of their time, when they perceived the carriage at a distance, followed by a post chaise. "There comes my dear parents!" exclaimed their daughter in ecstasy. They have brought company with them; I wonder who it can be. It will be some time before they are here; slip on your hat my dear girl, and let us go and meet them." Emma immediately complied; and they made such haste that they walked a good way down the road before the carriage arrived. Lord Morland as soon as he perceived who it was, alighted, and met them, while the travellers passed hastily on. "Why did not mamma stop?" said Angelica. "Who have you got with you, my dear sir?" "Only some gentlemen," said Lord Morland, "whose unexpres'd presence I thought might surprise you too much." She immediately burst into tears; and said to her father, "I hope I do not deceive myself; it is my dear brother and James, or else you would not think such preparation necessary." "You are right, my child," said the Baron; "it is them indeed: but do not let emotion over come you. They overtook us on the road some miles from hence, to our great joy and surprise. They were anxious to meet you when they saw you; but I would not allow it, as you were quite unprepared for such a tender and interesting meeting."

"They soon arrived at the house. Their mutual joy was too great for utterance; and the remainder of the day was spent in the most delightful manner. The various improvements time had made in their persons and manners of each other, both astonished and delighted them.

"The next day they accompanied Emma home to the vale, as she would not be persuaded to stay longer; but promised to visit them again

soon. She hastened to the place where her letters were to be left. She had no opportunity of sending while at the manor house, and did not doubt but Dodier would be greatly surprised at her unusual silence: but to her extreme mortification no letter had been sent. As she knew not the occasion of his remission, it made her uneasy: but as she had answered the last that he sent, her delicacy would not permit her to write to him again. She remained some weeks in a state of anxiety, till her attention was taken up by an object of the greatest interest, and required all her fortitude to support. The good Farmer Woodley was taken with a violent fever, that terminated his existence in a few days, to the great grief of his amiable children.

"As young Woodley meant, as soon as delicacy would allow, to espouse the malisier's daughter, to whom he had long paid his addresses, Lady Morland thought the vale was not a proper place for Emma to reside. The family were going to their house in Cavendish Square for the winter, and it was agreed to take the lovely orphan with them, as a companion to Angelica in her morning walks, and those hours which she must of course pass at home. In the mean time, Lady Morland was to procure her some eligible situation;

"This proposal was accepted with gratitude by Emma; though the thought she might meet with Dodier in London, caused some emotions in her heart, not of the most pleasing nature. Her pride was hurt at his neglect; and she blamed herself for consenting to bind herself by promise to one whom she had now no reason but to believe, desired it for no other purpose than to triumph in her cruelty.

"It was a most lovely morning when they left the manor: the sun shone with peculiar warmth for the time of year. Lord and Lady Morland, with Angelica and Emma, went in the family coach, Young Morland, Sir James, and the Rev. Mr. Byron, in their own post-chariot. A carriage with the female servants and the men on horseback, made a very grand appearance. Yet Emma was not happy, though she endeavoured to conceal her uneasiness. She was going to leave her native place for the first time in her life, and had no home of her own to return to. As they turned down the road, they had a full view of the vale; the remembrance of her father rushed forcibly on her mind, and she burst into tears. Her kind protectors guessed the cause, and used their kind endeavours to mitigate her grief. As soon as she could speak she intreated them to forgive her, but fond recollections—Lady Morland would not suffer her to proceed in her apology, telling her, that the sensibility she shewed was praise-worthy.

To be continued.)

EXTRACT.

There are heavy hours, in which the mind of a man of letters is unhinged; when the intellectual faculties lose all their elasticity, and when nothing but the simplest actions are adapted to their enfeebled state. At such hours, it is recorded of the great Mendelshon, that he would stand at his garret window, and count the tiles of his neighbour's house, an anonymous writer has told of Bayle that he would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to public places, where mountebanks resorted; and that this was one of his chief amusements. He is surprised so great a philosopher should delight in such trifling an object. This observation is not injurious to the character of Bayle; it only proves that the writer himself was no philosopher.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

MEDITATIONS ON A SUMMER EVENING

(Written in August last.)

When burning Sol' to move inflames the air,
And Luna mounts her high imperial chair:
In some lone valey woud I gladly rove,
Or wander in the solitary grove;
Where all is silent, but yon murmuring rill,
And nought is heard but lonely Whirr-will,
Who all the night long, tunes her mournful lay;
Whilst other songsters cease their notes to raise.
Here undisturb'd by life's distracting cares,
And free from all the busy world's affairs,
Alone I'll wander o'er the fragrant green
Still contemplating on the boundless scene.
But when I view the lofty azure sky,
And all the stars, that far beyond it lie,
Each, ruling in its proper orbit still
And each obedient to its makers will;
Absorb'd in thought, and quite amazed I stand,
Whilg I proclaim, all honour to the hand
That form'd creation, by a mere command.
Great God! how boundless thy dominions are!
Millions of worlds, thou hast beneath thy care,
Yet, still thy wise, omniscient careful eye
Sees and preserves so vile a wretch as I!

DJ

From the Massachusetts Spy.

THE GRAVE.

In Memory of a deceased Friend.

Low in the Grave where awful darkness reigns,
Slow moulder into dust the dear remains,
And justly dear, of my departed friend:

Pensive around the consecrated spot
At evening hour I mourn my hopeless lot,
While on her Grave night's softest dews descend.

Could Youth and Beauty, or could Virtue save,
She had not fell a victim to the Grave,
But still had liv'd to sooth this heart distress'd.

Hark!—the soft whisper of the evening breeze
Now gently rustle through surrounding trees,
While Nature soft and slow retires to rest.

Low in the Grave, where worms dominion keep,
(Oh horrid thought!) in dust are doom'd to sleep
Those charms that late inspir'd my softest lays.

Pale Cynthia, shed thy placid light afar:
Lo, in the west bright shines the evening star!
Shed on her humble Grave your softest rays!

Awful the sentence, yet divinely just,
That doom'd such charms to ming e with the dust,
Sacred the spot where her cold relicks sleep:

Not the cold hand of death, (consoling thought,)—
Could daunt a Soul like hers with virtue fraught;
Compos'd she spoke, and bade me cease to weep—

In death's dread hour her tongue, thus fal' ring spoke,
This clay partition quickly must be broke,
My Soul, my Saviour! struggles to be free;

Oh call it to thy blissful realms above,
My plea, thy suff'ring, and redeeming love,
My faith, my trust, my hope, my joy, in thee.

She spoke, and look'd on me a' long farewell,
That look no language soft enough to tell,
With such a prospect, who could dread to die?

With many a tributary tear I gave
Those faded, pallid beauties to the Grave,
Hallow'd the spot where those dear rains lie!

The Grave! man's subterranean road to bliss:
Why then enamour'd of a world like this?
A world that can no lasting joys bestow.

Yes, all must pass t'at dark and awful way;
Before they can enjoy eternal day,
And share those joys that will eternal flow.

The following paragraphs are from the Boston Almanac, a periodical publication record to none in the United States. This article, though a humorous burlesque, contains matter of much serious consideration. The system of air-castle building which has prevailed in our country, as well in government as in the arts has been of no advantage to the character of the nation.

* Inventions.—Any person who inspects the very extensive list of patents taken yearly from the office of our secretary of State, will be prompted to believe that inanimate matter has acquired the power of voluntary motion, and that wheels and screws are driving into disuse their old coadjutors, bones and muscles. The ingenuity of our countrymen has so fairly domesticated the mechanical powers, and the laws of chemistry, that any man may have his cheese toasted, his apple peeled, his coffee ground, his pudding boiled, and his beef roasted, all by dint, not of hard labour, but of contrivance. No king in the mechanical way need to be despaired of, when we hear of machines for cultivating corn and beans, for cutting horses' ears, for writing with two pens, and for raising water by a perpetual motion! In the common progress of improvement, we may anticipate for our readers in 1820 the following

Scientific News.

Mr. Strapper of New-York, has compleated his portable shaving apparatus, consisting of six pair of razors, with grind stone for putting them into order, a score of brushes, and a perpetual fountain of lather; the whole comprised in the compass of a nutshell, and so regulated by internal clock work, as to attach itself to any gentleman's face, and shave him without his knowing it.

A distillery has been erected in the state of Virginia, for the purpose of extracting ardent spirits from brick-lairs and old blue stockings. Report speaks highly of the quality of the liquor obtained from these economical materials.

The streets of Washington were lighted for the first time last week with glow-worms and fire bugs. Five hundred of these insects being confined in every lamp emitted so brilliant a light during the whole night, that people in their houses did not know when the sun rose. The breed of glow-worms is now found to be much improved by admixture with the humble bee or spider-worm. Experiments with the photometer shew that those which are five eights blooded emit in the space of an hour three rays and a half more than the full-blooded.



From the Boston Patriot.

OLD ELWES OUT-MISERED.

The following anecdote is literally true, without the least exaggeration or embellishment.

In the State of Connecticut, and town of S.—lives a Mr. W.—, a farmer of a handsome property, and in easy circumstances—but notorious for his miserly disposition. About six years ago, an aged neighbour of his received his death wound by a fall from his horse, before his misers door. He had humanity enough to run to the relief of the maimed gentleman—took him up—and as his sleigh was at the door, sat him into it, and carried him a few rods to a friend's house. In a few days the gentleman died; and his eldest son administered upon the estate, which was settled in the usual form. A few weeks since, Mr. W. called upon the administrator, and after a hesitating preliminary, addressed him in the following words:

"Ever since your father's death, sir, something has lain heavy upon my mind, which I have been desirous to make known to you, but which for various reasons I have delayed to this day. And now I feel almost ashamed to tell you what it is—but indeed sir, it presses my mind so hard, and appears to be so much a duty to myself and family, that I must reveal it—Now, sir you must know that if it had not been for me your honoured father would have died in the road. At the moment when he fell, I was just going to set down to as fine a roasted spare rib as ever was laid on any man's table in the state of Connecticut. This is true, sir, and if you don't believe it as good a one as ever was cooked, you may ask my wife, and she will testify it. Now, sir, I left this excellent warm spare-rib, and ran to your father's relief. I took him up, and offered to bring him into my own house, which he refused. However, I gave him a

wine glass full of cider brandy, the best liquor I had in the house, and then put him into my own sleigh and carried him nearly a quarter of a mile. All the time, my dinner was waiting for me, and before my return it was quite cold, so that I as good as lost it. All this sir, I did; and as you were administrator of the estate, and a man of feeling, I hope you will make me some consideration. Indeed sir, I cannot afford to lose it, and though it may be outlawed, yet in conscience, I think you cannot refuse me.

He was answered, that it was singular to demand pay for a common act of humanity—that the public had been duly advertised in the newspapers, all debts had been paid, and the whole business closed more than five years past. This he acknowledged, but insisted that in equity he had a claim, and entreated that he might not be denied. It was then proposed to leave the matter to a reference, and have a regular bill laid before them. The affair is not yet settled, but it is expected, that, though the referees will admit there is no legal claim, yet in equity they will allow him three cents for his half-jill of *pupalo*, about five more for attendance and the sleigh, and also the estimate difference between a warm space rib and a cold one.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1810.

The Inspectors of the State Prison acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of fifty Common Prayer Books, adapted to the form of the Episcopal Church, as a donation from Mr. Thomas Tibbons, for the use of the unhappy prisoners confined in that place.

Charleston Nov. 21,

The Intendant yesterday received 6,000 Dollars from the Philadelphia Committee appointed to collect and remit money for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire in our city, with the promised likelihood that between Two and Three Thousand Dollars more would be collected.

COURT OF CHANCERY, LONDON, AUG. 9.

John King v. General Bur.

This cause came on to be argued on a demurrer to a bill of discovery filed by the plaintiff against the defendant. The bill set forth, that the defendant, being desirous to enter into the marriage state, was induced, by an advertisement in a public newspaper, to apply to a Mrs. Morris, who offered herself as a general agent between the sexes, by the following advertisement:

"Ladies—The delicate and restrained condition which custom imposes on females, subjects them to great disadvantages. Mrs. Morris offers to remove them. Ladies or Gentlemen who have formed predilections, may be assisted in obtaining the objects of their affections; and those who are unengaged may be immediately introduced to suitable persons; but she will not assist applicants in any marriage, if their characters are not irreproachable, and their fortunes considerable and independent.—Apply or address (post-paid) at the bow-window next to Margaret Chapel, Margaret street, Cavendish-square. Ladies, who require it, may be waited upon at their own house.

At Mrs. Morris's he found every thing as he wished; that Lady, ready to undertake the agency, and to secure to him a Lady of rank, fortune and fashion, for his companion, on condition that he agreed with her terms, which were £20 as a retaining fee, and £3000 on his marriage. On his

part it was stipulated that the Lady he should lead to the alter should have rank and not less than £1500 per annum. After two or three meetings, these stipulations were agreed on, and Mrs. Morris received the retainer. The delicacy of the lady would not admit of her introducing the ladies to the General at her own house, but she had a friend, who lived in high life, and was connected with nobility. It might lead to some expence, as her friend, although most respectable and visited by the first people, was not overburthened with wealth. It would be necessary, for her friend to give routs, balls, and parties, to allow the defendant a fair opportunity of addressing the several ladies from whom he was to select one as his partner for life. Accordingly she introduced the defendant to the plaintiff, as the friend she had mentioned to him. The bill set forth, that the defendant prevailed on the plaintiff to give him an opportunity of being introduced, and making love to a lady of rank, fashion, and fortune; and whatever expence the plaintiff might be at, the defendant promised to reimburse him. The bill averred, that the plaintiff did give balls, routs, and parties, as requested by the defendant, and had incurred the expence of £400; that the defendant was introduced to several ladies of rank, fashion, and fortune; and that he did make honourable love to many of them, with the intention of being wedded; that the plaintiff required the defendant to reimburse him for the expences which had been made at his request, but which he refused to pay; that the plaintiff brought his action in the court of King's Bench, to recover from the defendant £400, he having broke his promise; to which the defendant pleaded he had not made any such promise, which defeated the action, as there was no third person present, it being a contract of that delicate, honourable, and secret nature, that it would not admit of a witness. The plaintiff not being able to get redress in a Court of Law, he filed the present bill of discovery in that Court, to which the defendant demurred.

Mr. Heart, Counsel for the Plaintiff, said he never felt so awkward as he did in attempting to address his Lordship. He was fearful, from what had been thrown out by his Lordship, that he did not feel there was any equity in the plaintiff's case. It was a bill of discovery, to bring out facts that only were known to the plaintiff. The case was very different from a party filing a bill of discovery to get evidence to prove a breach of promise of marriage; but he was afraid his Lordship considered the bill ought never to have been filed; he therefore would not take up the time of the Court.

Lord Eldon—"Surely, Mr. Heart, you would not have a Court of Equity lend itself to such a transaction as this, to assist the plaintiff in giving ostentations entertainments to females, for the purpose of introducing the plaintiff to a marriage! He may bring his action in a Court of Law against this defendant—this General; and he may succeed if he can; but he shall have no assistance from me"—Bill dismissed.

Melancholy event.—We are informed, that the eight children (Mary, Harriet, Eliza, Nancy, Caroline, John, Stoddard & Henry) of William Hoogs, late of Newton in the state of Massachusetts, now resident in Quebec, being sent for by their father, and being on their journey in company with Mr George Cook and two boatmen, were all drowned in Lake Champlain on Saturday the 10th inst. There was one other person in the boat who saved himself on a bunch of brooms.

COURT OF HYMEN

CHASTE Love alone should warm the manly breast
And Marriage be no more an impious jest.
Marriage! wise Henry's appointed w^t o bird
To just restrain th' ungoverned human kind,
From thee—Relation, all the sacred names
Of Husband, Parent, Son, derive their claims—
Pare instant! gift of Nature's purer Lord,
To man's due reverence be thy rights restor'd!
Wide may thy gentle rule its empire rise,
And from these pairs acquire distinguish'd praise—
May a fair offspring crown their mutual loves.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Rowan John Anthony Esq. to Miss Judith Hone, daughter of Mr. John Hone.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers Mr. John Cole, to Miss Sarah Ackerman, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. How, Mr. John J. Albouy of Bermuda, to Miss Maria Miller of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Harris Peter Bourne Esq. of Utica, to Miss Mary Walker Robinson eldest daughter of Captain Thomas Robinson.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Jacob Mott, of the firm of Williamson Mott, to Miss Mary Anderson, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening the 28th ult by the Rev. Mr. Richard Moore, Mr. Samuel W.M. Pherson, to Miss Mary Sands, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

THE path of life tho' flowers adorn,
Yet often will the rugged thorn,
Amidst the flowers arise—
Expect not then on earth to share,
Enjoyment unalay'd by care.
But seek it in the skies.

DIED.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. James Honeywell, merchant, aged 45 years.

On Wednesday last Mrs. Gates, relict of the late Gen. Horatio Gates.

At Newark, on the 23d ult aged 53 years Mr. William Donaldson, formerly Coach-maker, of this city.

At Charleston, on the 2d ult. at his plantation on Santee, William Buford, Esq.

At New Orleans, Dr. James Alexander, of Virginia.

In this city, during the week ending on Saturday last, according to the report of the city inspector, 35 persons, of whom 11 were men, 8 women, 4 boys and 10 girls, viz. Of apoplexy 1, asthma 1, consumption 8, convulsions 7, decay 2, diarrhoea 1, dropsey in the head 2, drowned 1, epilepsy 1, typhus fever 1, hives 3, jaundice 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, liver disease 1, palsy 2, and 4 still-born.

From the Repertory.

On reading Hervey's Meditations.

Sweet soothing writer! who with matchless skill
And reason's force, canst bend all stubborn will!
Who firmly rear'st truth's bulwark in each page
To stop the torrent of a vicious age!
In vain remorse the atheist would control,
Whilst artful sophistry has lull'd his soul!
The airy libertine, at truth's expense,
Concludes all happiness comprised in sense—
Others to heavenly bliss pay no regard,
Too good too take for virtue's reward:
Thy pen, inspired by Heaven, each scheme confutes
And makes those men who labour to be brutes.

ALONZO

FOUND on Thursday at the Branch Bank a Watch Key. The owner may have it by proving property and paying charges—Inquire at this office

COURT OF APOLLO.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

The following verses were written by an obscure youth of this city.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT BOY.

See lifeless lies the lovely boy
While o'er him his fond parent's weep,
For all their hopes, their pride, their joy,
Consign'd to everlasting sleep.

But parents dear, do not complain,
For happy, ah happy, is he—
To leave this world of care and pain,
Corruption, sin, and misery?

See greeting angel wing his flight
To heaven's bright realms above,
There 'mid scenes of endless delight,
With them to dwell in peace and love.

EDMUND.

From the Washingtonian.

STANZAS.

The sun is now sunk in the wave of the West,
And the last gleam of light from the sky fades a way.
The world's busy crowd is retiring to rest
From the sorrows, the sins, and the cares of the day.

But sleep is a stranger to my dreary eyes,
Nor do my sad thoughts the oblivion share—
My heart, turn'd to woe, takes the hue of the skies,
My soul sinks in night—'tis the night of despair!

The gloom of the forest encloses me round,
And sweet is the gloom of the forest to me—
Oh sweet is this place, undisturb'd by a sound,
Save the scream of the owl from the hollow branch tree.

Oh forever would I, in a desert like this—
Far remov'd from the haunts and the converse of man,
Spend the day like the night, sweetly dreaming of bliss,
That fled e're my spring time of living began.

For of all the soft joys that enchantingly stole,
O'er my heart, when the smiling of boyhood was young,
Not a ray now remains to illumine my soul,
Or to chase the dark clouds by pale misery flung.

I once had a friend, he was bound to my heart
Like the vine to the sapling it fastens around—
But the arrow of fate soon compell'd us to part—
He fled from my arms to elysian ground.

And woman, whose charms ever rule in the breast,
Where love and affection can boast of a sigh,
Though sweetly she soothed with dear visions of rest,
Even women, so lovely, could languish and die.

O Juliet, my Juliet, I'm sever'd from thee!
I was painful, 'twas cruel, so quickly to part!
But, lady! thy image forever shall be,
Enshir'd in my bosom, ador'd in my heart!

Ye days, that are past! will ye never return?
Ye joys that are fled, shall I see ye no more?
Ah no! in my bosom hope ceases to burn.
The enchantment of pleasure no spell can restore.

And here in this forest, where savages tread,

When the day star departs from the face of the sky,
I will muse on the times and the joys, that are fled,
And the roar of the night wind shall answer my sighs.

ROMEO.

S. GARDETTE SURGEON DENTIST

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies, and Gentlemen of this city, that he is returned from his Summer Tour, and has resumed the practice of his profession, as heretofore, at No. 26 William-street, nearly opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of extracting teeth, is sufficiently known so as not to require his saying any thing on that subject; he will only observe, that such Teeth or stumps of Teeth, as are considered by many too difficult for extraction, he gives his positive assurance of being able to remove with a slight degree of pain.

He remedies to the loss of Teeth, by replacing artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a principle that render them, not only useful, but secure and undiscoverable in appearance.

Tartar which is the principal destroyer of Teeth should be removed with the greatest precaution for which reason, S. Gardette has provided himself with Instruments, the invention of the celebrated *LA-RORGUE DE PARIS*, that are perfectly safe, and answer the desired purpose.

His anti scorbatic Elixir and Dentifrice for the teeth and gums, may be had as above.

PLAYING CARDS.

Best American, and English Playing Cards,
by the Pack, or dozen,
For sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

MRS. TAYLOR

Respectfully informs her Friends and the Public, that she intends opening an Academy, No. 59, William Street, for the instruction of Young Ladies, on Monday October 29 in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, & the use of the Globes.

Plain and Ornamental Needle Work. She assures her Friend no Exertions on her part shall be wanting to facilitate their improvement.

October 27

1132—1m

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

Apply at this Office:

MANTUA-MAKING, &c.

A young woman who is mistress of the Mantua-making and Silk Coat business, takes this method to inform the Ladies, that she will be thankful for employ by the day, in genteel families—enquire at No. 213 Duane street, corner of Hudson.

November 10

1134—3

Wanted to Purchase

a good sound chiar horse about 15 hands high, round and well made full stem, free from all faults that will neither start nor stumble and trots well, one about six years old, would be preferred.

Apply to Nathaniel Smith, 150 Broadway, corner of Liberty street.

HUTCHINSON'S improved and WOOD'S Almanacs for 1811, by the groce, dozen or single one.

New Novels &c. for sale at this Office,

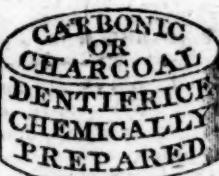
Scottish Chiefs
Dominie
Coblets in search of a Wife
Adeline Mowbray
Brave of Venice
Leonora
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO,

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Young's Night Thoughts, price 75 cents.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANN.



JUST RECEIVED,

A large and elegant assortment of Neplus ultra Razors, with three blades also, magnum bonum and refined steel of a fine quality & gentlemen's portable Shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemen's japaned Dressing Cases of different sizes for sale by Nathaniel Smith Chemical Perfumer from London, at the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention Rose oil Antique for curling glossing thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chemical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream clears and prevents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smelling bottles Smiths improved chymical milk of roses Smiths pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet soap Smiths tooth paste varnished his superfine white hair powder violet rose 3s 6d Smiths royal paste for washing the skin Smiths highly improved hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve of roses Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified alpine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smiths celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton Garters, sail of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor strope shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c Great allowances to those who buy to sell again Tooth Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne honey hungary rose Jessamine Cau de miel and cau rive water shading powder—court plaster &c &c
G. Merchant supplied wholesale for exposition

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,
Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap,
No. 3, PECK-SLIP.

WANTED

An Apprentice to the Chair-making Business, apply at No. 8 Peck-Slip

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this Office

CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by DUNN AND ROTHERY,
ROSE-STREET,
Two doors from Pearl-Street

April 14 1104—tf

WALKDEN'S BRITISH INK POWDER,
fresh supply, just received and for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR

THE TEETH AND GUMS.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window-Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner ethby remade, put in the ground and warranted tight by C. ALFORD,
No 13 Catharine street, near the Watch house